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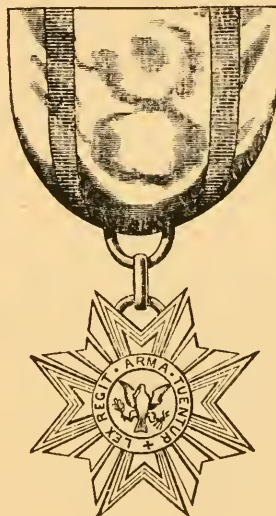
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In Memoriam

Late Companions of the Ohio Commandery, Loyal Legion

1902

1903



St. Paul Methodist Episcopal Church
Cincinnati, Ohio

Sunday Evening, 7.45
May Third
1903

Benjamin Franklin Stevenson

Born June 11, 1812.

Died July 14, 1902.

Henry Bremfoerder

Born April 12, 1840.

Died September 19, 1902.

Haron Miller Brown

Born August 3, 1839.

Died October 3, 1902.

John Baldwin Nell

Born July 28, 1844.

Died October 6, 1902.

Joseph Henry Van Deman

Born October 27, 1829.

Died October 18, 1902.

Mendal Churchill

Born July 23, 1829.

Died October 21, 1902.

Henry Martyn Eist

Born Feb. 20, 1839.

Died December 17, 1902.

Henry Bickham Reese

Born April 11, 1832. Died November 30, 1902.



Henry Lee Morey

Born April 8, 1841.

Died December 20, 1902.

Charles Armstrong Freeman

Born Sept. 24, 1836. Died December 1, 1902.

Peter Cappel

Born November 2, 1828. Died January 1, 1903.

Alfred Eliab Buck

Born February 7, 1832. Died December 4, 1902.

Edwin Franklin Brown

Born April 25, 1823.

Died January 10, 1903.

Samuel Thomas

Born April 27, 1840.

Died January 11, 1903.

John Swasey

Born August 13, 1840.

Died January 12, 1903.

James Bangs Storer

Born June 22, 1839.

Died January 18, 1903.

John Bancroft Bell

Born July 26, 1835.

Died January 24, 1903.

James Colgate Redman

Born October 8, 1835.

Died February 6, 1903.

Henry McQuiston

Born November 12, 1838.

Died February 13, 1903.

George Shoenberger Chambliss

Born June 14, 1867.

Died February 15, 1903.

Charles Camp Doolittle

Born March 16, 1832.

Died February 20, 1903.

Henry Siegmund Cohn

Born May 4, 1844.

Died March 18, 1903.

John Thomas Raper

Born August 1, 1840.

Died March 30, 1903.

George Anthony Collamore

Born November 9, 1833.

Died April 8, 1903.

John Sills Jones

Born February 12, 1836.

Died April 11, 1903.

Orchestral Prelude.

Accompanied by Great Organ, Sacred Medley
Responsive.

Psalm 49.

HEAR this, all *ye* people; give ear, all *ye* inhabitants of the world:
Both low and high, rich and poor, together.

My mouth shall speak of wisdom; and the meditation of my heart *shall be* of understanding.

I will incline mine ear to a parable: I will open my dark saying upon the harp.

Wherefore should I fear in the days of evil, *when* the iniquity of my heels shall compass me about?

They that trust in their wealth, and boast themselves in the multitude of their riches;
None of *them* can by any means redeem his brother, nor give to God a ransom for him:
(For the redemption of their soul is precious, and it ceaseth for ever:)

That he should still live for ever, *and* not see corruption.

For he seeth *that* wise men die, likewise the fool and the brutish person perish, and leave their wealth to others.

Their inward thought *is*, *that* their houses *shall continue* for ever, *and* their dwelling-places to all generations; they call *their* lands after their own names.

Nevertheless man *being* in honour abideth not: he is like the beasts *that* perish.

This their way *is* their folly: yet their posterity approve their sayings. Selah.

Like sheep they are laid in the grave; death shall feed on them; and the upright shall have dominion over them in the morning; and their beauty shall consume in the grave from their dwelling.

But God will redeem my soul from the power of the grave: for he shall receive me. Selah.

Be not thou afraid when one is made rich, when the glory of his house is increased;

For when he dieth he shall carry nothing away: his glory shall not descend after him.

Though while he lived he blessed his soul, (and *men* will praise thee, when thou doest well to thyself),

He shall go to the generation of his fathers; they shall never see light.

Man *that is* in honour, and understandeth not, is like the beasts *that* perish.

Meditative In Song.

I WOULD not live alway; I ask not
to stay

Where storm after storm rises dark
o'er the way;

The few lurid mornings that dawn
on us here

Are enough for life's woes, full enough
for its cheer.

2 I would not live alway; no, welcome
the tomb!

Since Jesus hath lain there, I dread not
its gloom;

There sweet be my rest till he bid me
arise,

To hail him in triumph descending
the skies.

3 Who, who would live alway, away
from his God;

Away from yon heaven, that blissful
abode,

Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er
the bright plains,

And the noontide of glory eternally
reigns?

4 Where the saints of all ages in har-
mony meet,

Their Saviour and brethren trans-
ported to greet;

While the anthems of rapture unceas-
ingly roll,

And the smile of the Lord is the feast
of the soul.

—William A. Muhlenberg.



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Our Faith.

BELIEVE in God, the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth:

And in Jesus Christ, his only Son, our Lord; Who was conceived by the Holy Ghost, Born of the Virgin Mary; Suffered under Pontius Pilate, Was crucified, dead and buried; He descended into hell, The third day he rose again from the dead; He ascended into heaven, And sitteth on the right hand of God, the Father Almighty; From thence he shall come to judge the quick and the dead.

I believe in the Holy Ghost; The holy Catholic Church; The Communion of Saints; The Forgiveness of sins; The Resurrection of the body; And the Life everlasting. AMEN.

Invocation, *Rev. and Companion Charles W. Blodgett.*

Our Common Prayer.

OUR Father, who art in heaven, Hallowed be thy Name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done on earth, As it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our trespasses, As we forgive those who trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation; But deliver us from evil: For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever and ever. AMEN.

Anthem—"Just as I am," *Parke*

Overture—Passion and Love, *Orchestra*

Offertory.

"Reveille."

Introductory, *Commander A. B. Isham*

In Retreat—"Nearer My God to Thee," *Choir-Quartette*

For Memorial Committee, *Capt. George A. Thayer, Chaplain*

Duo—"The Fair Land of the Soul," *By Miss Emma Pinney and Miss Inez Monfort*

Address, *General B. R. Cowen*

Address, *Mr. W. R. Collins*

Selections.—Songs of War—Medley *Orchestra*

Our Loyalty In Song.

MY country! 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing!
Land where my fathers died!
Land of the pilgrims' pride!
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring!

2 My native country, thee,
Land of the noble, free,
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills:
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

3 Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song:
Let mortal tongues awake;
Let all that breathe partake;
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong.

4 Our fathers' God! to thee,
Author of liberty,
To thee we sing:
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our King!

—Samuel F. Smith.

"Caps."

Benediction.

THE peace of God, which passeth all understanding, keep your hearts and minds in the knowledge and love of God, and of his Son Jesus Christ our Lord: and the blessing of God Almighty, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, be among you, and remain with you always.

Response—AMEN and AMEN.

Postlude.—March—Fillmore's Inaugural *Orchestra*